THE FALLEN PATRIOT.

A

COMEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS.

BY

MRS. O'BRIEN.

DUBLIN:
Printed by WILLIAM GILBERT, No. 26,
SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S-STREET.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir Richard Greyley,
Freeport,
Capt. Puff,
Major M'Carthy,
Mr. Gregory,
Paddy, Servant to Greyley.

W O M E N.

Lady Greyley,
Eliza,
Harriot,
Lucy, Maid to Harriot.

THE

FALLEN PATRIOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Richard Greyley's Houſe.

Enter Sir Richard Greyley and Freeport—Freeport dreſſed as a Volunteer.

Sir Rich. I SAY thou'rt a fool, nephew, and an aſs. Virtue, honour, and thy country! Ha, ha, ha. Prithee, Frank, what doſt think to get by virtue? Will ſhe make thee eat when thou'rt hungry? or put money in thy purſe? No, no. Thou art young, boy, and know'ſt nothing of the world! Leave patriotiſm to thoſe that have more money. But thou haſt got thy ſimple father's notions; virtue and his country were all his theme, till poverty ſtar'd him in the face, and ſent him to the Eaſt to be food for gunpowder.

Freeport. Peace to his honour'd ſhade—he was a friend to virtue, and a foe to vice. By Heaven, I'd

rather be inheritor of his virtues, than reign Deſpotic Monarch of the world. If riches can only be acquir'd at the expenſe of my country, thrice welcome virtuous poverty.

Sir Rich. Empty pockets were all that *Lucas* got by virtue.

Freeport. Periſh that thought that would miſlead my mind; for me I do diſclaim all falſe allurements, and freely ſacrifice at virtue's ſhrine—and when the gilded fool ſhall ſneer at virtue, I'll thunder in his ears Liberty and my Country.

[*Exit, (as he is going)*

Sir Rich. So, young gentleman, thou haſt thy father's mettle too; but I'll diſown thee, reptile, and turn thee adrift to feed on virtue. Well, now, as to my newly acquir'd honours, let me ſettle the account. I have barter'd—my country's rights for a title, and am dubb'd a Knight, forſooth, to pleaſe my ſimple helpmate; but ſince I am be-Knighted I ſhould have the accompliſhments of a Baronet of the *beau monde*, a ſmall ſhare of bad French, a ſmattering of broken Italian, and poſſibly an ornament of—antlers: But theſe latter my precious Lady will provide me with. But, zounds! I'm no fool, like Adam, to repent eating the forbidden fruit—Have done, Conſcience, or I'll drown thee in a bumper: Who waits there?

Enter Thomas.

Thomas. Did you call, your honour?

Sir Rich. Doſt know me, fool?

Thomas. Yes, your honour, you are my maſter.

Sir Rich. Sirrah, you lie; I am your maſter's maſter, and Fortune's whipper-in—I am her purſe-bearer—fly, bring me wine *(aſide)* to damp thoſe inflammatory thoughts that parch my conſcience and prey upon my feelings.

Thomas. Will I bring port or claret, Sir?

Sir

Sir Rich. Both, you looby; and I'll mingle them with my vices—if they don't redden my face they'll never ſully my conſcience; fill me a bumper, ſirrah; and henceforward give me my titles or I'll give you a horſewhip—When a man buys a horſe he has a right to ride him; and he that buys a title has a right to wear it. So here's to you, Sir Richard Greyley, in a bumper.

[*Exit Thomas.*

Enter Lady Greyley.

L. Greyley. Welcome home, my dear. Did you ſee the Secretary?

Sir Rich. Yes.

L. Greyley. And did you agree?

Sir Rich. Yes.

L. Greyley. And have you chang'd your name, Mr. Greyley?

Sir Rich. No; but I have chang'd my principles.

L. Greyley. How, my dear?

Sir Rich. Why, I'll tell you; they were before ſpotted like a leopard—but I have now dipp'd them in a coal black.

L. Greyley. Fie! Mr. Greyley, how you teize one! What ſignifies the principles of a Lord or a Duke? Surely, my dear, if you give up a little conſcience to make me a lady, you are not the firſt who chang'd ſides for the good of his family.—There's Mr. Quick-ſenſe, that uſed to make ſuch a noiſe with his long ſpeeches—and a fine young man he is—and got a fine fortune, with a place and penſion; and will ſoon be made a Lord too, they ſay. And there's Mr. Sheer-wit, and Mr. Half-wit the little Weſtern Member, and many more, that ſold their country; beſides my Lord Shortſight, who, they ſay, ſold popularity for a penſion.

Sir Rich. (Mimicking her) Mr. Long-ſenſe, Mr. Short-ſenſe, and Mr. Flat-ſenſe! Mercy defend me, was ever Good-ſenſe ſo tortur'd by Non-ſenſe.

L. Greyley. There now, my dear, you always take me off ſo, though you know it to be true.

Sir Rich. True; yes—yes—I feel it by experience. And ſo, Madam, to ſuit Long-ſenſe to Short-ſenſe, and Sharp-ſenſe to Flat-ſenſe, I have coupl'd my ſenſe to your ſenſe, and am in every ſenſe, except common ſenſe, your Ladyſhip's Lord and Maſter—Sir Richard Greyley, Knight Baronet.

L. Greyley. Sir Richard Greyley! I wiſh you joy, my dear. But why did you not tell me ſo before?

Sir Rich. To ſuit my own pleaſure—or rather trying to digeſt the bolus that's pendant in my throat, like Mahomet's tomb, hovering between vice and virtue—as it is ſaid to be ſuſpended between loadſtones.

L. Greyley. You talk ſtrangely! I don't know who Mahomet is, nor what you mean—but I know you might as well have been a Lord as a Knight, when you had your choice of a title.

Sir Rich. Ha! ha!—What a thing is woman? With a head compounded of ſuch ingredients, ſhe has ambition equal to a Cæſar; make her a Lady, and ſhe'll ſigh to be a Ducheſs—make her a Ducheſs, and ſhe'll expire to be a Queen.

L. Greyley. Very well, Sir Richard O'Greyley.

Sir Rich. Hey, day! What now?—Sir Richard O'Greyley—Who the Devil is he?

L. Greyley. You, my dear—what! won't you put an O to your title, and be a Mileſian? Who can diſpute it, now that you are a Baronet? Beſides, there's the O'Callaghan's—the O'Donovan's—the O'Donoghoe's, and the O'Dogherty's, all put O's to their names, that I am ſure have no more right than we have. Nothing is more common than to alter one's

one's name to one's circumſtances, and either make an addition, or ſtrike out half, as Mr. Scape Grace the attorney did, who went to England and chang'd his name to Scape.

Sir Rich. Made his eſcape from Grace, and left it behind as a legacy to his country, to make the moſt of it and pay his creditors. Now as to Grace, he and I are upon a par, equally—graceleſs; with this ſmall difference—he made his eſcape from Grace, and Grace thought proper to eſcape from me.

L. Greyley. Sure, Sir, you might put an O to your name without offence to any one.

Sir Rich. Aye, Aye—I underſtand your Ladyſhip; you would ſet my name arithmetically, and by the help of multiplication and ſubtraction mold me a new name, as heralds do coats of arms, and abridge me from my anceſtry. Now as the family of the Greyleys were too poor to lend they had not much ambition to borrow, perhaps from a motive not unwiſe, knowing no one would truſt them—and I being their iſſue male ſhall in this at leaſt adhere to the wiſdom of my family.

L. Greyley. Lord, Sir Richard, you are ſo nice; why it's all the ton in this country—there are the Keelys, that never had a O in their generation, yet many of them now ſtile themſelves O'Keelys.

Sir Rich. Very likely, Lady Greyley; and if, through your faſhionable ton, you ſhould think proper to decorate my head with *the addition of horns*, I will never conſent to aſſes ears.—No—no—woman, I will have no O's of admiration before my name, to lead me like the forehorſe in a cart; and whenever I chanc'd to trip, expoſing me to ridicule.—Such follies may ſuit the young and handſome, but are abſurd in one of your age and complexion.

L. Greyley. My complexion, indeed! you might have ſpar'd yourſelf that obſervation, Sir Richard—

for though 'tis ſallow, 'tis not black like that of ſome folks.

Sir Rich. Aye—aye—touch a woman upon her beauty, and though ſhe were as wither'd as my grandmother, as muſty as mother'd wine, and as rancid as a civet cat, ſhe will never forgive the abuſe of her complexion.

L. Greyley. There's Miſs Formal and Miſs Step Stately, that I have heard you ſay I was a beauty too—yet the other day you prais'd their complexions.

Sir Rich. Ha—ha—Why old maids will ſwallow flattery by wholeſale, as ſharks do herrings—They never retail any thing but ſcandal. An ancient virgin is never more than twenty-five till ſhe goes upon crutches.

[*Exit Sir Rich.*

Enter Eliza croſſing the Stage.

L. Greyley. Did you meet Sir Richard, Miſs Eliza?

Eliza. I met Mr. Greyley, Madam.

L. Greyley. Mr. Greyley, Madam!—Indeed methinks you might learn more politeneſs; but 'tis always the caſe when people of faſhion condeſcend to make beggars—ladies. I don't know what buſineſs I have to keep people I know nothing of; but Sir Richard is a ſtrange man or he would not demean himſelf by ſubjecting Lady Greyley to the indignity of ſuch a deſpicable intimate.

Eliza. I am unfortunate 'tis true; a wretched dependant: yet in my earlier days I was taught to hope for better fortune; my family were not beggars.

L. Greyley. Yes—yes—all poor gentlewomen talk of their families when they have no other fortune to boaſt of—But give me money and I'll never quarrel about families.

Eliza.

Eliza. I did not mean to boaſt of my family, or offend your Ladyſhip's newly acquir'd titles; they are apt at firſt to eſcape one's obſervation—I ſhall become attentive to them in future.

L. Greyley. You have a fine mode of arguing—That's what the world calls ſenſe; for my part I don't want to be troubl'd with it.—I ſuppoſe you think to get a huſband by your ſenſe—but you are very much miſtaken—unleſs you intend to run away with a half-pay officer. Men know better things now-a-days: *(Eliza weeps)* If a perſon ſpeaks it wounds your pride, as you call it.—You think Captain Puff is in love with you, becauſe he tells you you are handſome; but I aſſure you money has more charms than beauty for him.

Eliza. You wrong me, Madam.

L. Greyley. Madam again! Inſulting creature! Don't think you ſhall be a companion to me now—I intend to keep better company. You may ſit and work with me when I am alone—but no more of your impertinence.

(Exit angrily.

Eliza. So flies the meteor through the ſkies, leaving the world to wonder at its blaze—'tis ſhot and gone, while terror and ſurprize remains.—Anger, thou monſter, whether doſt thou hurl thy votaries! How doſt thou diſtort the faireſt features, tranſferring an angel to a dæmon.—Ah me, unhappy maid—friendleſs and forlorn—ſubject to the ſcorn of weak, inſolent minds. Dependant on this proud woman, look down, ye pitying powers, on innocence diſtreſt. Whither ſhall I turn? to ſtay is wretchedneſs—to go is ruin? Say, gracious Heaven, when ſhall the veil be drawn over my ſad fortunes! or when ſhall I ſink into the ſhades of laſting reſt!

Enter

Enter Freeport unſeen.

(Sings to ſoft Muſic.)

I.

Ye Gods, who in pity behold
The innocent victim diſtreſt ;
Attend while my tale I unfold,
And eaſe a poor maiden oppreſt.

II.

Forlorn and wretched I moan
The ſweets that make life worth the care ;
Depriv'd of theſe bleſſings I groan,
And tread in the ſhades of deſpair.

III.

The ſun that gives joy to the eye
Diſplays all his beauty in vain ;
My ſoul on the wing fain would fly
To ſhades that are free from all pain.

IV.

Haſte, Death, with thy arrow and ſtrike,
Here life in full vigour now flows ;
My heart, far from feeling diſlike,
Leaps forward to welcome thy blows.

[*Exit.*

Freeport comes forward.

Freeport. She's gone, and with her every excellence ; ſhe looks like the roſe-bud of the garden, when veil'd in Heav'n's morning dews.—View her, ye ſons of apathy, and though your hearts be ice, Eliza's eyes ſhall melt them.—She did ſolicit the Deity to heal her ſufferings—I would pray too, but have not words at will, *(kneels oppoſite a picture of an old maid).*—Ye Powers, if there be a magic in your ſkill, pour down your bleſſings on dear Eliza—in the ſun-ſhine of whoſe ſmiles I would live content on the inhoſpitable ſhore of Greenland, upon

upon the ſimpleſt fare, removed from the buſy crowd of noiſy vain Ambition: Like the rein-deer, I'd travel in the ſnow, and feed upon the froſt-cover'd moſs. *(riſes)*

Enter Harriot unperceived, and repeats,

Harriot. Like the rein-deer, feed upon the froſt-cover'd moſs—Ha, ha, ha—the moſt ſingular pray'r that ever was offer'd to a ſingular deity by a ſingular gentleman of two and twenty.—Pray, my good Coz. how many times a year doſt thou deign to offer up thy prayer at the ſhrine of our chaſte Aunt Margery—*(pointing to the picture)*—No wonder, Frank, thy ſimiles were drawn from Greenland when that chaſte maiden ſtood before thee, whoſe image is a juſt repreſentation of a mountain of ice.

Freeport. It is ſomewhat ſingular, I muſt own, for a young fellow to bend the knee at the ſhrine of ancient virginity, while a more pleaſing deity is here—*(taking her hand)*

Harriot. Ha—ha—but tell me, Frank, what humbl'd thee ſo low, for I freely acquit you of idolatry to Aunt Parchment—unleſs, like King Saul, you were ſoliciting the Witch of Endor to conjure up your belov'd.

Freeport. Ha—ha—you little Devil, what a compariſon have you drawn between an old maid and a witch!

Harriot. When old maids conceit that time ſtands ſtill for them, as it did for Joſhua—and that the ſun ſhines in its full meridian at ſixty-four, they ſurely deſerve the ſcourge of ridicule.—But to the purpoſe; tell me, Frank, for I will know who is this Venus De Medicis that has ſtolen your heart.

Freeport. Why, who do you think, you rallier? Suppoſe the lady's name began with Harriot, and ended with Neville.

Harriot.

Harriot. O, your moſt obedient—you were praying backwards to my own ſweet ſelf, as witches are wont to do—Very good, and very apropos.—Sir Richard juſt left me on the ſame ſubject.

Freeport. Upon the ſame ſubject! What ſubject? Tell me, I beſeech you.

Harriot. Hey dey—what's the matter now? did'nt you ſay I was the Venus De Medicis of your heart, and the Diana of your ſoul?

Freeport. Yes, yes; but tell me, dear Harriot, what was your converſation with Sir Richard?

Harriot. Love to be ſure—what elſe could it be between an old man and a lively young girl?

Freeport. A truce with your wit—to the purpoſe.

Harriot. Very pretty, to be ſure—that I am to have the effrontery to tell all that paſſed upon a love ſubject, and to repeat it to my lover too; but I'll humour you for once.—Now for it.——The charge of Sir Richard Greyley, a fallen patriot, againſt you, Frank Freeport, a friend to his country and conſtitution—I Sir Richard Greyley, Bart. do hereby proteſt and declare, that I will from this moment diſinherit and diſown my nephew, Frank Freeport, for diſobeying my orders, and preſuming to vote in Parliament according to his own opinion and the dictates of virtue, though he owes his ſeat to me, who purchaſed the Borough he repreſents on purpoſe to ſtrengthen my intereſt—unleſs Harriot Neville takes him under her care, and makes him a convert to fortune and common ſenſe.

Freeport. Ha—ha—what a whimſical deſcription!—And pray, my lively Harriot, what do you reſolve on—you can't think of agreeing to the propoſal?

Harriot. Indeed but I do.

Freeport. Serioufly?

Harriot. Serioufly.

Freeport.

Freeport. How?

Harriot. As moſt young ladies do that have fortunes in their own power, take a rake to ſpend it—A woman has great merit in reforming a libertine; but what merit ſhall I have in changing virtue into vice? That is a matter Sir Richard muſt decide.

Freeport. Very wiſely determin'd:—Now to be ſerious for a moment.

Harriot. Two, if you pleaſe.

Freeport. I am to underſtand that Sir Richard, in order to ſave his own money, has wiſely determin'd to make free with your's—and out of pure friendſhip incumber you with a beggar.

Harriot. A great deal of truth on Sir Richard's ſide, but none on your's.—But come, Frank, no more deception—I have wounded you, and now I'll cure you.—Can you think that all the world is blind but love-ſick ſwains, and that nobody can ſee that Freeport's Venus De Medicis is to all intents and purpoſes the very picture of Eliza Gregory?

Freeport. Eliza!

Harriot. The very ſame; ſhe is a deſerving girl, and if I'm not miſtaken has no objection to—

Freeport. *(Sighs)* That were a bliſs too great for me to hope, and would but add misfortune to the wretched.—True, I love Eliza—nay doat almoſt to madneſs.—Blame me not, Harriot—nor think me inſenſible of your worth.—Love is an involuntary paſſion—nor can we love by rule.—If e'er you ſhould be viſited with its pangs you then will pity what another feels.

Harriot. Very well ſaid; perhaps ſome truth in it—but no more Ill penſoroſo. Here's my hand, and if you'll promiſe to ſhorten that long face I'll be your friend with Eliza.

Freeport. Generous Harriot—I have done.—Succeſs attend you. *(Exit Freeport.*

Harriot.

Harriot. Heigho! What a ſtrange creature am I, to give up a fine handſome fellow, with a fortune in expectation, and the ſhadow of a title—out of a romantic notion of generoſity to become the negociator of another's happineſs.—I ſhall be the ridicule of all the belles in town, and the tea-table chat of diſappointed virgins; thus ſays Pride.—Now for Reaſon; What has Madam Reaſon to ſay? Suppoſe I hear the parties by way of dialogue;—thus Reaſon—Harriot, you're a hypocrite.

Harriot. Ha!

Reaſon. You love another.

Harriot. True.

Reaſon. And would make a merit of giving up one you care nothing about.

Ha—ha—What a piece of old-faſhion'd truth has Reaſon diſcover'd—Aunt Madge never made a better confeſſion to a Franciſcan Friar in the warmeſt fit of devotion than I have done to Dame Reaſon.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Eliza reading a Letter.

Eliza. My uncle living!—impoſſible. Yet thus ſays the letter.—The hand is unknown to me, and the words ambiguous.—What can I think of it? Fortune, it is ſaid, often ſports with miſery—and perhaps that fickle goddeſs—*(Eliza going)*

Sir Richard enters unobſerved.

Sir Rich. (aſide) A little ſweet rogue—I'll ſpeak to her—Eliza!

Eliza. (ſtarting) Sir Richard!—*(going)*

Sir Rich. Stay, Eliza, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Eliza. To me, Sir Richard!

Sir Rich. To you, my little trembler—*(taking her hand)* What are you afraid of? Don't you know, Eliza, I have been a friend to you—and though I am often upbraided by that piece of antiquity, Lady Greyley, I never would conſent to part with you—I mean handſomely by you.—What ſays my little charmer? Will ſhe be guided by her friend?—*(looks fondly at her)*

Eliza.

Eliza. I am ever ready, Sir Richard, to acknowledge your goodneſs, and feel every ſentiment of gratitude for the care you have taken of me ſince my uncle's death; and be aſſur'd, Sir, I ſhall ever honour you as my beſt friend and generous benefactor.

Sir Rich. Aye—aye—ſo you may; but hear me, Eliza—you muſt do more—the time is ſhort—*(looks around)* I muſt be brief. Eliza—I love you; and if you will be kind I will make you heireſs of my whole eſtate.

Eliza. Stop, Sir—nor wound my ears with ſuch rude language; unhand me, I'll hear no more—my paſt misfortunes were but trifles—Ungenerous, narrow-hearted man!—Lady Greyley ſhall be witneſs to your folly—*(going, Sir Richard follows her)*

Sir Rich. (kneeling) Stay, Eliza—hear me, I beſeech you—I meant no harm—I did but jeſt.

Eliza. Barbarous jeſts, that ſport with the unfortunate.

Enter Harriot.

Harriot. What in the name of wonder is here? *(runs and kneels by Sir Richard)*

O moſt Divine Venus De Medicis,
I, at thy ſhrine, offer a holy kiſs;
Wond'rous! delightful! charming! pleaſing!
Young men and old men alternately teizing.

Ha—ha—ha—*(riſing)* Behold, ye powers above, a fallen patriot, the wither'd outcaſt of Eden, rewarded with a title—for licking the duſt of Paradiſe.—View him, freighted with iniquity, creeping out at the ſerpent's corner to tempt another Eve.

Sir Rich. Hell and fury!—Thou art the daughter of Proſerpine, begot by Pluto in a conflagration.

Harriot. Ha—ha—My dear uncle, 'twere pity when you ſipt at the tree of knowledge you did not pluck a ſprig from the tree of life.—Methinks a wrinkl'd

a wrinkl'd face, with a tribe of ſimilar etcetera's, a bad recommendation to a blooming beauty.

Sir Rich. Would I were a magician, to transform thee into a ſow—'tis the devil to be beated by a prating female:—an old fool is the worſt of fools. *(going, Harriot calls after him)*

Harriot. Sir Richard Greyley, Baronet!

Sir Rich. Sir Richard Hell! May Pluto catch me by the heels, and Proſerpine by the horns—may imps toſs me in a blanket nine years between Heaven and Hell, ſo I eſcape the rancour of thy tongue. [*Exit Sir Rich.*

Harriot. A very pious prayer!—A good deal of fire in the language, and very ſuitable to a Fallen Patriot.—Ha—ha!—*(going)*

Eliza. Harriot!

Harriot. Eliza!

Eliza. And can the generous Harriot ſee helpleſs innocence abus'd, and not offer one word of conſolation?

Harriot. When Eliza's conduct merited no reproach Harriot was her friend.

Eliza. Alas, what has Eliza done to merit ſuch affliction!—Long have I groaned beneath a weight of woe, but now the burden bears too hard. There will yet be a day when Harriot will ſay her friend is innocent.—*(weeps)*

Harriot. (moved) The ſcene was ſtrange:—My uncle on his knees to you in Lady's Greyley's dreſſing-room.

Eliza. True, appearances are againſt me.—You ſhall know all, my friend—but my heart is drown'd in grief; at preſent permit me to retire.—In a letter I ſhall inform you with all you wiſh to know.

Harriot. You ſhall not leave me, Eliza, in this grief.

Eliza.

Eliza. Indeed I muſt—Should Lady Greyley ſee us thus conferring it would create ſuſpicion—when next we meet I have ſomething to tell you.

Harriot. And if you clear up this matter I may communicate ſome pleaſing tidings.

Eliza. Your friendſhip is the higheſt boon I aſk. [*Exit Eliza.*

Enter Captain Puff.

Capt. Puff. Ha—my little rhetorical, ſchiſmatical, have I caught you? Behold, in Captain Puff, your moſt ſincere admirer.

Harriot. Your moſt obedient, Captain Puff—For a man in love, you have a tolerable ſhare of ſpirits.

Capt. Puff. Oh, that's conſtitutional—a man of wit muſt have his joke were he in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, poſting off to that country from whoſe bourne no traveller returns.—Tho' upon my ſoul, my charmer, that image of thine has ſo haunted my imagination, ſleeping and waking, that I have ſcarcely eat as much as would ſuſtain a ſilk-worm ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Harriot. Ha—ha—You airy ſprights live upon exhalations, or ſip the eſſence of the dew before ſunriſe.

Capt. Puff. Wit—wit—every word wit—Who would not faſt a month to have the pleaſure of feaſting half an hour on thoſe bright eyes.—Thou dear little angel, thy preſence is more refreſhing to the ſoul of Captain Puff, than a bottle of Burgundy after a long march.

Harriot. What woman could refuſe to carry a knapſack and halbert to be rewarded with ſuch a lover!

Enter

Enter Freeport.

Freeport. Captain Puff, you are welcome to town.

Capt. Puff. Mr. Freeport, I am glad to ſee you.

Freeport. Harriot, I am afraid I have intruded.

Harriot. Oh, not at all, Frank—Captain Puff is juſt return'd from a recruiting party, with the King's bounty in his pocket, and the lifting cant upon his tongue; he was laying ſiege to my heart, with a powder battery of proteſtations, in hopes to ſpring a mine in my fortune, blow up my affection, and, like a Swiſs ſoldier, plunder without mercy.

[*Exit Harriot.*

Freeport. Ha—ha—ha—ſhe is a ſtrange girl.

Capt. Puff. Upon my ſoul ſhe is damn'd ſevere; but ladies of wit muſt have a fling at every one; and no man on earth ſo bleſt as Captain Puff to be the ſubject of Miſs Harriot's raillery.

Freeport. Well ſaid, Captain Puff, foil her at her own weapons; but where the Devil have you been? Methinks a lover ſhould be more attentive.

Capt. Puff. True, Mr. Freeport; but upon my ſoul thoſe damn'd Bath acquaintances, Lord Shuffle and Sir Harry Bloomair, beſet me ſo cloſe that I have not a moment to myſelf—It's my dear Puff here, and my dear Puff there—and, in ſhort, they cannot exiſt five minutes without their dear Puff.—Apropos, I ſupped laſt night at the Secretary's; there was Sir Timothy Holdfaſt, Sir Patrick Dangle, and the Hon. Matt. Cuſtom:—My dear Puff, ſay Dangle, did you ſee Sir Richard Greyley? Sir Richard Greyley, ſaid I, pauſing, who the Devil is he? Why old Greyley, the bawling patriot, ſays Holdfaſt; we have ſecured

the

the old Pipe-ſucker with the Tipſtaff of Fortune, and dubb'd him door-keeper you know where.

Freeport. Captain Puff, Sir Richard is my uncle.

Capt. Puff. Well, Sir, and what then? Can you keep people from talking?—A Fallen Patriot, like a Courtezan, is fair game for every body to hunt; and if the world ſpeaks true you have not much reaſon to ſpeak in his favour.

Freeport. Whatever reaſon I may have, or whatever follies Sir Richard may be guilty of, no man ſhall take liberties with my family or connections.

Capt. Puff. Upon my ſoul, Sir, I meant no offence; but as all the world was talking I thought no harm to put in a word.

Freeport. And why ſhould all the world talk; there are more Fallen Patriots than one.

Capt. Puff. Very true, Sir, but I have not the honour of knowing them.

Freeport. Not know them! Thoſe gentlemen you mentioned—what do you call them?

Capt. Puff. Why, faith, Sir, they are neither one thing nor t'other; like a door upon hinges, which hangs on or off to ſuit the convenience of the maſter—there is Patt. Dangle, Timothy Holdfaſt, and the reſt, men of a night's growth, that ſprung up ſpontaneouſly like muſhrooms.

Freeport. Number them among patriots! I know no tribe ſo fit to rank them with as the fallen tribe of Belzebub.

[*Exit Freeport.*

Enter Lady Greyley.

Capt. Puff. (*comes forward*) Lady Greyley, I wiſh you much joy; upon my ſoul your Ladyſhip looks divinely.——How does the worthy Sir Richard?

L. Greyley.

L. Greyley. Captain Puff, I am proud to ſee you—what has kept you ſo long way?—Had you ſtay'd much longer you would have loſt the prize; you are a fine lover indeed.

Capt. Puff. For Heaven's ſake, Lady Greyley, don't alarm me ſo—Has my charming Harriot got another lover?—Have I a rival?—Speak, dear Lady Greyley.

L. Greyley. O don't be ſo uneaſy; I believe the girl has more ſpirit than to marry a beggar, tho' he is Sir Richard's nephew—Harriot has a good fortune to be ſure in her own hands, left her by her mother, my brother's wife, an Engliſh Lady—but as ſhe is under my protection I ſhall take care to provide better for her than to give her to a poor patriot, without any other portion than virtue and a volunteer's coat.

Capt. Puff. Nobly reſolved. Dear Lady Greyley, your prudence charms me—your Ladyſhip has uncommon penetration.—How will the dear girl bleſs you for your parental care, when, with Lady Shortſight and Lady Bloomair, ſhe is rolling to the Caſtle, Captain Puff's Lady, the envy of her ſex!

L. Greyley. Yes, yes, Captain, I know ſhe will thank me, and I am ſure you won't forget your promiſe of introducing me to Lady Shuffle, Lady Bloomair, and the reſt of the Lord's wives—You know, Captain, I am equal to any of them now; and Harriot and I will make no bad figures at the Caſtle.

Capt. Puff. The charming Harriot would grace the drawing-room, or the ball on the Queen's birth-night—and as to your Ladyſhip, upon my ſoul your majeſtic preſence——

L. Greyley. O fye, Captain, you flatter—but you gentlemen of the army have a mighty pretty way of ſaying fine things.

Capt.

Capt. Puff. Facts, Madam, all facts; but tell me, Lady Greyley, are you ſure I have no more rivals than Freeport?

L. Greyley. I am ſure there are no more—and you need not fear him, tho' his perſon is well enough.

Capt. Puff. O, as to perſon, and a *je ne ſcai quoi* air, without vanity, Captain Puff is allow'd to be the man:—So if your Ladyſhip can aſſure me no other obſtacle is in the way, I believe I am ſafe enough—ha, ha, ha.

L. Greyley. Indeed, Captain, no Lady can have an objection to your perſon.

Capt. Puff. Your Ladyſhip's goodneſs lays me under ten thouſand obligations.

(*Exeunt ſeverally.*

A GARDEN.

Eliza and Freeport meeting.

Freeport. Dear Eliza, why ſo ſad? Always muſing—would I could eaſe that gentle breaſt of care, (*ſighs*).

Eliza. You are too generous, Mr. Freeport—but, alas!—Fate has ſo beggar'd me, that I have no hope of better days.

Freeport. Deſpair not, my Eliza. I have little to offer—am curs'd with poverty, and have nothing worth thy acceptance—but an honeſt heart.

Eliza. I am no ſtranger to your principles—virtue and honour ever mark'd your actions—Had I a fortune equal to your merit—

Freeport. Dear, generous girl—(*kneels and kiſſes her hand*).

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir Rich. O, your ſervant, young gentleman—an humble poſture for a riſing patriot—ſtill bending to the

the ſhrine of virtue—Let me ſee the goddeſs; *(goes up to Eliza)* What, my little Sentimental! The quinteſſence of gratitude, who, to ſhew her obligations to the uncle, ſtands, like a Heathen Goddeſs, to be ador'd by his reptile nephew.—But I ſhall put an end to your adorations, Sir.

Enter Harriot.

Harriot. Ha, ha, ha—the rival patriots! view them ye, goddeſſes, and decide the quarrel—Methinks Venus would not heſitate to give Frank the preference; but then politeneſs: To be ſure, couſin, you would not be ſo rude as to rival your uncle—Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Rich. Thy tongue is more tormenting than the gout and ague united.

Harriot. Or an old man of ſixty beſieging a young girl of eighteen, when the fire of his youth flies into his brain and blows wiſdom out at his noſtrils.

Sir Rich. A peſtilential fever is not ſo bad in a family as a female wit. [*Exit.*

Freeport. Upon my ſoul, Harriot, your wit, like a probe, penetrates to the quick: You are too ſevere upon my uncle—but what did you mean by a rival? Tho' deſtitute of honour, perhaps, in his country's cauſe, he would not dare to injure this young lady.

Harriot. Dare not—very pompous, Frank.—And now ſuppoſe that a young elderly gentleman, that is to ſay, an old man with young ideas, took it in his head to fall in love with a blooming girl: Hey for a pinking match between uncle and nephew.—[*aſide.*

Freeport. A married man inſult his ward—impoſſible!—none but an uncle ſhould eſcape with life.

Harriot. Moderate your paſſion, young man—I don't tell you Sir Richard injur'd any one; but believe this, Frank—a man that would betray his country is capable of every villainy, and no more to be rely'd on than the mercy of an hyena.

Enter Lady Greyley.

L. Greyley. (*To Eliza*) I have found you—have I; very fine; but I ſhall ſend you from this houſe—I'll have no more converſations with Sir Richard in my dreſſing-room.

Freeport. (*aſide*) O, poverty! now I feel thy curſe. [*Exit Freeport.*

L. Greyley. Niece, I am not unacquainted with your friendſhip for Eliza; and as you have a large fortune you had better be charitable.

Harriot. I intend it, Madam; and from this moment ſhare with her as a ſiſter. I have long pity'd her ſituation. Lady Greyley, Eliza ſhall no longer trouble you—the ſcene of the dreſſing-room is ſufficiently clear'd up to me; and if your Ladyſhip has any tenderneſs for Sir Richard's character you'll aſk no queſtions.

L. Greyley. Inſolence to perfection!—this comes of making girls independent; but I ſhall ſpoil your plan, Miſs—ſo you and your lover may ſcheme as much as you pleaſe. I'll engage the young patriot will ſoon be tir'd of his gueſt. Sir Richard will give him nothing, that I aſſure you—and then Miſs Eliza may repent her conduct in this houſe.

[*Exit in a paſſion.*

Harriot. Unhappy woman! that knows not the pleaſure of a generous act. (*To Eliza*)—Eliza, I have prepar'd a retreat for you at a houſe of a relation of mine.—The terms are ſettled—aſk no further, nor think of obligations.

Eliza. O Harriot—generous Harriot!

Harriot.

Harriot. This morning I receiv'd a letter from Major M'Carty—you know the contract between us, for you are the only one I confided in; he is now on his return home. He mentions a gentleman with whom he has contracted a friendſhip—ſimilarity of ſentiments cemented their union. The ſtory of this gentleman is ſingular. On his return from the Eaſt-Indies, in the beginning of the preſent war, he was detain'd four years waiting for a cartelſhip. I promis'd to ſhare with you as a ſiſter—I did not mean to make you a dependent; you know my intentions at the Major's return:—He is noble and generous; yet men are apt to covet fortunes—baubles. Ambition ſullies many a virtuous heart—fortune has been profuſe to me—take this, Eliza—(*gives her a paper*) read it at your leiſure, nor think yourſelf the only one oblig'd. [*Exit.*

Eliza reads the Paper.

Eliza. Amazing generoſity!—a bond of five thouſand pounds—O, virtue!—how thy bright precepts raiſe the mind, and angels make of mortals—thy flow'ry paths lead innocence to peace; calm the rude ſoul, and form a heaven within. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A CHAMBER *in Sir Richard's.*

Enter Sir Richard and Freeport.

Sir Rich. I'll hear no more; you have my final anſwer—either marry Harriot, or accept of a penſion and go with us.

Freeport. Honour forbids me to ſolicit the one, and the other is againſt my conſcience.

Sir Rich. Honour and conſcience—a fig for them: Zounds, Sir, if I had wedded myſelf to Honour and Conſcience, I might have trudg'd ere this with Poverty to Dame Virtue.—So, Sir, if you be determin'd to join Virtue's ragged votaries, e'en make the beſt of it, and carry honour to market to buy you a dinner—Will it do that? No. Will it purchaſe clothing? No. Will it pay your houſe-rent, independent Sir? No. So keep it and ſtarve.

Freeport. Is this all I am to expect, Sir, from an uncle who once declar'd me his ſucceſſor! What have I done to merit your diſpleaſure?

Sir

Sir Rich. Done, Sir? you have done—zounds, Sir, you have diſobey'd my orders, Sir, and that's ſufficient.—And I tell you, Sir, if you don't marry Harriot you may go beg, Sir.

Freeport. But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould refuſe me—I cannot force the young Lady's inclination.

Sir Rich. Ha—ha—Harriot refuſe you? why, Harriot is a wit, and all your wits are fond of butts.—Now, Sir, as you have given a proof of your folly, Harriot will embrace your offer for the pleaſure of a butt in leading ſtrings; and if ſhe ſhould add to your head the crooked beauty of a buck, the law is open for a ſeparation—her fortune will patch up the diſgrace, and leave you at liberty to addreſs the little Sentimental, who, if I'm not miſtaken, will make a virtue of neceſſity—ha—ha. [*Exit.*

Freeport. Patience, Heav'n, to outlive this inſult; had he not borne the ſacred name of uncle, my ſword ſhould have check'd his utterance. (*going*)

Enter Captain Puff.

Capt. Puff. Stay, dear Frank—whither art thou going?

Freeport. To hell, where puppies roaſt for apeing what they are not.

Capt. Puff. That ſpeech becomes the fury of a madman, and ſavours much of beggary and want.

Freeport. You lie—I am rich in honour; one drop of blood from thoſe high-ſwelling veins is worth a kingdom of baſe grov'ling raſcals.

Capt. Puff. Such language ſuits not with my diſpoſition—you ſhall account for this.

Freeport. If you have ſpirit, draw—or by Heaven I'll cane you from this ſpot.

Capt. Puff. Nay then have at you. (*They draw*)

Enter Eliza, and runs between them.

Eliza. For Heaven's ſake, gentlemen, what can this mean? You ſhall not fight unleſs you ſheath your ſwords here.

Capt. Puff. Heaven forbid that ought ſhou'd hurt that form—I will obey you, Madam.—To-morrow, Sir, you ſhall hear further from me.—
[*Exit.*

Eliza. What could begin this quarrel, Mr. Freeport? tell me, I beſeech you.

Freeport. A mere trifle, Madam, beneath a female's notice.

Eliza. (*aſide*) Madam! how cool—(*aſide, going*) O Heavens, Mr. Freeport, you ſeem diſtreſs'd—that generous pity you expreſs'd for me were ill beſtow'd did I not feel for you. Speak, Mr. Freeport.

Freeport. I could ever liſten to that voice, and dwell on theſe ſoften'd accents with delight—Do not aſk the cauſe of this apparent change.

Eliza. Indeed you muſt acquaint me.

Freeport. You cannot, muſt not, know—Fortune is a jilt, an enemy to Virtue; there are men who diſgrace their ſex—this houſe is hateful to me; I muſt begone.—Adieu, my fair excellence—ſhould Fortune ſmile, you ſoon ſhall ſee me. [*Exit.*

Eliza. He is gone. Would he had ſeen the conflict in my breaſt—the ſtruggle between delicacy and love; fool that I was that I did not ſpeak the news I had to tell, and eaſe his troubl'd heart.—Thanks to the art of man, I have another way; pen, ink, and paper will inform him all, and hide my bluſhes from a lover's eye. [*Exit.*

A PARLOUR

A PARLOUR *in Sir Richard's Houſe.*

Enter Gregory, diſguiſed in a Spaniſh Habit.

Gregory. Once more I tread on hoſpitable ground, free and independent; now for a trial of this mock Knight—I think he cannot know me in this diſguiſe; O, here he is.

Enter Sir Richard.

Gregory. I preſume, Sir, your name is Greyley.

Sir Rich. It is, Sir—Have you any buſineſs with me?

Gregory. I have a draft drawn upon you by a Mr. Gregory, Sir—Did you know ſuch a gentleman?

Sir Rich. Mr. Gregory, Sir! I did know ſuch a gentleman—but he has been dead theſe four years.

Gregory. Has he, Sir; I did not know that—This draft is of a long date; I advanc'd him the money in his confinement—I had no doubt of being paid by you, Sir, as Mr. Gregory inform'd me you had remittances from him.

Sir Rich. True, Sir, I did receive ſome ſmall matters from that gentleman before his death for the uſe of his niece, but nothing equal to what I expected, nor ſufficient to defray the expence of her education—I had a ſincere friendſhip for Mr. Gregory, and have maintained his niece through charity ſince his death.

Gregory. Mighty charitable, indeed.—Monſtrous villain (*aſide*). I underſtood Mr. Gregory had a large property, great part of which was ſent home before him.—At my departure from Spain he mentioned

ſome letters from you juſt before he left India, in which you acknowledge remittances to the amount of ten thouſand pounds.

Sir Rich. Ten thouſand pounds, Sir!—Gregory muſt have been diſorder'd in his mind—no ſuch thing I can aſſure you.—He is in great arrears to me, Sir, for his niece's education; but pray, Sir, what prevented you from making your demand ſooner?

Gregory. When I parted from Mr. Gregory I was under the neceſſity of going to Liſbon, from thence to French Flanders, where I have been detain'd on buſineſs of my own theſe three years.

Sir Rich. Your name, Sir—let me ſee the draft. (*gives the draft*)

Gregory. My name is Signior Fernandez.

Sir Rich. The draft I ſee is for five hundred pounds—(*returns it*) Was your acquaintance with Mr. Gregory of a long ſtanding?—You ſpeak good Engliſh, Sir; are your a native of Spain?

Gregory. I was born at Cadiz—but by my long traffic with England have acquir'd the language—my acquaintance with Mr. Gregory commenc'd in India; we parted at Bencoolen; he was taken priſoner at the beginning of the war, and chance brought me to the place where he was confined, where, knowing him to be diſtreſs'd, I lent him this money, not doubting I ſhould be paid.

Sir Rich. Very generous, Signior—but you can't expect I ſhould pay this money out of my pocket; I am already at the loſs of ſome hundreds.

Gregory. That's ſurpriſing, Sir. Baſe villain—(*aſide*). However, ſince that is the caſe I muſt put up with the loſs. I have heard Mr. Gregory talk much of his niece. Is that Lady here, Sir?

Sir Rich. She is, Signior—I have thro' friendſhip to her uncle brought her up as my own; and a fine little rogue it is. Now if this Spaniard would take a liking to Eliza I ſhould get rid of her with honour. (*aſide*)

Gregory. I have heard much of her—can I ſee her?

Sir Rich. By all means. Who waits?

Enter Thomas.

Sir Rich. Send Eliza here.

Thomas. Miſs Eliza is gone with Miſs Harriot.

Sir Rich. Gone! where, ſirrah?

Thomas. My Lady can tell you, Sir Richard.

Sir Rich. They are gone to walk the garden, I ſuppoſe. If you'll favour me with your company in the afternoon I'll introduce you to the young Lady.

Gregory. I'll do myſelf that honour, Sir—

[*Exit.*

Sir Rich. Send Lady Greyley here—(*Exit Thomas*). So if I can get this Syren off my hands, by marrying her to this old Don, I think the ſhade of Gregory may reſt in peace, and not haunt me for her fortune.—Thanks to mortality, that, like the ſtocks, confines a troubleſome gueſt; if men liv'd for ever there would be no room for a little uſeful fraud—man muſt then be honeſt in his own defence, being ſubject to detection.

Enter Lady Greyley.

L. Greyley. Did you ſend for me, Sir Richard?

Sir Rich. I did—Where is Eliza?

L. Greyley. How ſhould I know? My pert niece thought proper to take her out of charity. Having

more money than wit, ſhe has taken a beggar to help her to ſpend it.

Sir Rich. Your ill temper drove her from hence; but I inſiſt on your bringing her back immediately.

L. Greyley. I fetch her back! not I indeed. But I'll engage ſhe will come faſt enough if you appoint to meet her in my dreſſing-room.

Sir Rich. Peace, old cat, nor worry mice till you have teeth to bite them.

L. Greyley. To be ſure when people do things they are aſham'd of they can't bear to be told of them; you may ſay what you pleaſe, but Eliza ſhall come no more here.

Sir Rich. I tell thee, Xantippe, obey my orders; let her be brought back in half an hour, or I'll ſtrip thee of thy gaudy plumes, and ſend thee to Egypt to make a mummy of. [*Exit.*

L. Greyley. If he had not made a Lady of me I'd ſee him hang'd before I'd bring her back. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment.*

Enter Major M'Carty.

Major. How tedious are the moments of ſuſpence!—this laſt hour has been longer in my reck'ning than three years abſence—Here comes the idol of my ſoul.

Enter Harriot.

Harriot—my charming Harriot, behold your long abſent lover!

Harriot.

Harriot. My dear Major, welcome to your impatient Harriot; this is an agreeable interview—I did not expect to see you so soon.

Major. Did you receive no letters?

Harriot. One from Minorca—but you did not mention your speedy return.

Major. I did not expect it so soon—we had a quick passage. How long have you been with Lady Greyley? I don't recollect to hear you speak of such a relation.

Harriot. Ha, ha—you have heard of my Aunt Greyley?

Major. I know you told me in your letter after your mother died you were consign'd over to the care of an aunt of that name—but I don't remember any title.

Harriot. Right; but this country is much chang'd since you left it. Titles now-a-days are put up at auction, and purchas'd at the expence of conscience.

Major. Ha, ha—I understand you, Harriot. This uncle of your's has been tempted for a title to sell freedom and his country—I give him joy of his purchase.

Harriot. And so do I with all my heart—but enough of a bad subject. Pray tell me, Major, who is this Mr. Gregory you mentioned? there's something romantic in his story.

Major. Mr. Gregory is a man of strict honour, has a knowledge of the world, and possesses a liberal mind. He has been abroad some years, and made a considerable fortune. He talks much of a niece, but is not certain that she is living—I fear if she be not the old gentleman will not long survive her.

Harriot. Amazing! I wish my suggestions may be true. (*aside*)

Major.

Major. You ſeem ſurpris'd—Do you know the lady?

Harriot. I have ſome ſuſpicions—but they may be groundleſs.

Enter Eliza.

Eliza. I beg pardon, Madam—I thought you were alone—I fear I have intruded.

Harriot. Not at all, my dear. Major M'Carty, this is Miſs Gregory.

Eliza. My dear friend, I give you joy—Major, you're welcome to Ireland.

Major. The honour of your acquaintance, Madam, will be an addition to my happineſs.

Harriot. Eliza, I did not expect to ſee you here again.

Eliza. Nor did I intend it. Lady Greyley ſent a meſſage to me on an affair of conſequence.

Harriot. That's ſurprizing. Do you know the buſineſs?

Eliza. Not yet; I have not ſeen her Ladyſhip.

Harriot. Major, I have ſome reaſons that your arrival ſhou'd not yet be known to Sir Richard.

Major. Diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Harriot. Eliza, you'll let me know this important affair.

Eliza. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exeunt Major and Harriot.*

Enter Lady Greyley.

L. Greyley. So, Miſs Runaway, you are arriv'd again I ſee.

Eliza. I thought your Ladyſhip ſent for me, or I ſhould not have taken this liberty.

L. Greyley. Not with my own conſent. Sir Richard has ſome private converſation for you.

Eliza.

Eliza. If that be the caſe I ſhall beg leave to depart—I underſtood your Ladyſhip had buſineſs with me.

L. Greyley. You are mighty modeſt on a ſudden; but I deſire you'll ſtay.

Eliza. Not to be inſulted, Madam. (*going out meets Sir Richard*)

Sir Rich. What! upon your departure again—I ſuppoſe that image of flint has ſet you off again; but you muſt ſtay, child, I have ſome matters of importance for your private ear.

Eliza. Whatever they be I beg you will mention them before Lady Greyley.

Sir Rich. (*Confus'd*) O, with all my heart. You remember, Miſs, ſince your uncle's death, and ſome years before, I have maintain'd you at my own expence, educated you genteely, and beſtow'd every accompliſhment on you neceſſary for a young lady. I don't mean to remind you of paſt favours—but you know I have a right to expect payment when it is in your power.

Eliza. Alas! Sir, you know I have not ſix-pence in my power; and how is it poſſible I could pay ſuch a ſum?

Sir Rich. Patience, child; I do not mean to call upon you till it be in your power—I ſent for you to put you in a way without injuring yourſelf. There's a Spaniſh gentleman juſt arriv'd, a friend of your deceas'd uncle; he is a rich man, and ſeems pleas'd with the character your uncle gave of you. Now I command you, with the authority of a guardian, to ſee him to-morrow, and receive his addreſſes; he is not a chicken to be ſure--nor is he old; much about my age, a little the worſe for the wear—but then he has the caſh; and a lady of your ſenſibility will ſoon get the better of your inclination.

Eliza. To what miſery am I ordain'd!

L. Greyley.

L. Greyley. Misery, indeed! many a poor gentlewoman would be glad of such an offer—but some people don't deserve it.

Sir Rich. Will you never correct that tongue, Lady Jargon? leave the young lady to me. Eliza, I expect you will obey my orders—remember I must be paid; therefore miss not this opportunity. The gentleman will be here immediately, I expect you go no more from this till matters shall be completed. And do you hear, Lady Greyley, use the lady with respect, or you will incur my displeasure.

[Exeunt Lady Greyley and Eliza on one side, Sir Richard on the other.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *another* ROOM.

Enter Major M'Carty and Harriot.

Major. And why, dear Harriot, poſtpone my happineſs? Unkind girl, after three years abſence can you refuſe to make me bleſt?

Harriot. Why ſo impatient, Major? You know I will be your's.

Major. Name but the day; let to-morrow crown my bliſs.

Harriot. Why then—to-morrow—be it as you wiſh.

Major. Lovely girl! Thus let me thank you—(*kneels and kiſſes her hand*)

Enter

Enter Lucy, and gives Harriot a Letter.

Harriot, (after reading it.) Impoſſible!—he cannot be ſuch a villain.

Major. What now!

Harriot. Sir Richard has found out a huſband for Eliza—an old rich Spaniard, and inſiſts on her marrying him, and paying for her board ſince her uncle's death, and to be reimburs'd the money advanc'd for her education—tho' I am convinc'd he receiv'd payment from her uncle.

Major. Ungenerous, indeed. But what can be expected from a man of his principles?

Harriot. Not much—ſomething muſt be done; ſhe muſt not, ſhall not have him. Poor Frank will go wild. You remember Frank Freeport. Major, you ſaw him in England.

Major. I do, what is become of him?

Harriot. He is at a friend of his father's, who is about purchaſing him a commiſſion. When Freeport's father died Sir Richard pretended to adopt him as his own; it was then reported that his father had left him a handſome property. Whatever it was, Sir Richard receiv'd it; but he ſaid it was not more than a thouſand pounds, which he apply'd for the uſe of Frank.

Major. And how did Mr. Freeport diſoblige Sir Richard.

Harriot. By daring to have more virtue.

Major. Bad men, like the damn'd, wiſh for companions in iniquity.

Harriot. Do you, Major, go to Freeport and ſhew him this letter; if he be at home bring him with you to Sir Richard—I muſt and will prevent this match. I'll to Eliza—my uncle is afraid of me; ſhe ſhall not be in his pow'r.

Major.

Major. What! Send me on an embaſſy ſo ſoon after my arrival!—this is ſevere duty.

Harriot. Not a word, 'tis my time now; to-morrow will be your's.

Major. I am all obedience. (*kiſſes her hand*)

[*Exeunt at oppoſite ſides.*

An APARTMENT *in Sir Richard's Houſe.*

Enter Lady Greyley, Eliza, and Captain Puff.

Capt. Puff. (*Surpris'd*) Major M'Carty, did your Ladyſhip ſay?

L. Greyley. Yes, Captain; did you know him?

Capt. Puff. I have ſome knowledge of him—a mere fortune-hunter, a man of looſe principles, I am told; had he been of another caſt I muſt have been acquainted with him; my acquaintance is amongſt perſons of the firſt faſhion—ſometimes I fall in with theſe butterflies, but never know them out of the company I meet them in.

L. Greyley. You are perfectly right, Captain; they would diſgrace you any where elſe.

Capt. Puff. No, no, my Lady, theſe upſtart ſhoemakers and taylors ſons, that get commiſſions thro' the intereſt of their father's cuſtomers, are never taken notice of by people of faſhion. I was walking arm in arm with Lord Shortſight t'other day, when one of theſe paltroons had the effrontery to take off his hat to me; my dear Puff, ſaid his Lordſhip, what fellow is that? Why, my Lord, ſaid I, that fellow was footman to Lady Betty Flirt; he liv'd with her Ladyſhip in that capacity for ſome time, who being a handſome fellow, and her Ladyſhip a briſk widow, ſhe made him her *cecisbeo*. Her Ladyſhip

ſhip had another engagement with Lord Prettle; but he being a marry'd man ſhe judg'd it prudent to have two ſtrings to her bow, and to qualify the fellow for a gentleman gave him a commiſſion in the army. Upon this his Lordſhip took an immoderate fit of laughter: my dear Puff, ſaid he, you are the greateſt wag in town.

L. Greyley. Ha, ha, I think ſo too, Captain—I ſuppoſe this Major is ſome ſuch fellow.

Capt. Puff. Not a doubt of it, Madam.

Eliza. Take care, Captain, you are not miſtaken in regard to the Major—In my opinion he has every appearance of a gentleman; and I am ſure Harriot would not encourage the addreſſes of any man unleſs ſhe was acquainted with his principles and character.

L. Greyley. Encourage his addreſſes? Sure the confident thing would not attempt it without my knowledge!

Capt. Puff. Upon my ſoul, Miſs Eliza, you alarm me. I am convinc'd the young lady only means to divert herſelf.

Eliza. Indeed, Captain, I am not acquainted with the young lady's intentions in theſe matters; but I am ſure ſhe is incapable of the ſmalleſt impropriety.

L. Greyley. O, we are no ſtrangers, Miſs, to your partiality to Harriot.

Capt. Puff. Here comes the charmer to anſwer for herſelf.

Enter Harriot.

Harriot. Ladies, good morning; Captain Puff, your humble ſervant; you look grave; has your Colonel fin'd you for neglect of duty, or have your recruits

recruits ran off with the King's bounty, and left you to pay the reck'ning.

Capt. Puff. Ha, ha—you do me honour, Madam.

Harriot. What! in reminding you of your misfortunes?

Capt. Puff. Any thing from them coral lips, Madam, muſt pleaſe.

Harriot. Ha, ha, ha—a pretty way of getting rid of diſagreeable truths.

L. Greyley. I am ſure the Captain is very well humour'd to bear with all you ſay to him. You're always ſevere, niece, on thoſe that don't deſerve it. If your new admirer was here you wou'd be more polite to him.

Harriot. Who does your Ladyſhip mean?

L. Greyley. O, becauſe you're a wit you think nobody ſo wiſe as yourſelf—I mean that upſtart Major that came here t'other day.

Harriot. I don't know ſuch a perſon, Madam.

L. Greyley. Not know him! that's odd indeed—I mean Major M'Carty.—What is he?

Harriot. A Gentleman.

L. Greyley. A gentleman taylor's ſon, I ſuppoſe.

Eliza. The Captain, out of friendſhip to you, Madam, acquainted us with his pedigree.

Harriot. Ha, ha, ha—like a dunghill cock he crows upon the aſhes of another. Upon my word the Major is much oblig'd to you, Captain; and I doubt not but he will return you his ſincere thanks when inform'd of your good opinion of him.

Capt. Puff. Upon my ſoul, Madam, I am totally unacquainted with the gentleman's character—Miſs Eliza is in a miſtake—I was ſpeaking of another—the Major may be ally'd to a Duke for ought I know; but

but I would adviſe ladies to be careful, as there are many deceptions in the army.

Harriot. I preſume, Sir, you ſpeak from experience.

Capt. Puff. I don't know what you mean by experience, Madam; but I aſſure you I am exceedingly intereſted in your welfare—I muſt own I ought to beg pardon for preſuming to offer my advice to a lady of your nice judgment—the intereſt I have in your happineſs I hope will plead my excuſe; the charming Miſs Neville would grace a coronet.

Harriot. A tolerable good compliment, Captain; if you were a lady I ſhou'd think you learn'd patchwork—a bit of this, and a ſcrap of that, wrought up with odds and ends, like an old ſhoe on a cobler's laſt. Upon the whole you don't want wit, I mean wit enough to keep out of a ſcrape. Like a French ſoldier, you are excellent at a retreat.

Capt. Puff. (*aſide*) If I had the plund'ring of your fortune you might beat up a retreat to the other world. (*To Harriot*) I am ſorry, Madam, you have ſo mean an opinion of my courage; time, I hope, and a better knowledge of my connections and abilities will change your opinion.

Harriot. Time may do wonders. Have you a good deal of patience, Captain; how long cou'd you wait?

Capt. Puff. O, Madam, for ſuch an object as you I cou'd undergo the pain of three months abſence.

Harriot. A long time to be ſure; but I am ſo unconſcionable that no leſs than Jacob's ſervitude will pleaſe me.

Capt. Puff. How long is that, Madam?

Harriot.

Harriot. No leſs than twice ſeven years—at the end of which, if you brought me the rent-roll of your eſtate, ſhewing it ſtock'd with ten thouſand ſheep, with as many head of horn'd cattle, I might perhaps lift up my eyes and ſmile upon thee.

Eliza. Ha, ha, ha; Captain, methinks the patience of Job wou'd be neceſſary on ſuch an occaſion.

Capt. Puff. Upon my veracity, Madam, I think ſo too; but witty ladies are fond of teizing their admirers. I remember Lady Sprightly, Lord Sprightly's daughter, and Lady Arabella Volatile, both wits, and my moſt intimate acquaintances—nay the Dutcheſs of North Coaſt did me the honour to ſay I might take my choice of the Golden Pippins; however that might be, true it was I had always the pleaſure of their fair hands at all public places—arm in arm—a nettle between two roſes; not a little envy'd by the unfortunate dogs of my own ſex, who cou'd not extract a ſmile from the goddeſſes. Ladies, ſuch was my happy ſtate, that the world, ever cenſorious, pronounc'd a more than common attachment between me and my rival Queens, though upon my honour, Ladies, nothing more than friendſhip. My Lord Shortſight, who is my very good friend, took me to taſk one day.—Puff, ſaid he, what the devil are you about?—Do you mean to marry both the ladies? Not I upon my ſoul, my Lord, anſwer'd I, nothing is more foreign to my heart than to marry either; the ladies are very deſerving, but marriage is not my cue.

Eliza. (*aſide*) Intolerable puppy? Your refuſal ended in their diſſolution, I ſuppoſe. (*geeringly*)

Capt. Puff. Why faith, Madam, they were ſomewhat affected I muſt own; but a few weeks retirement

tirement recover'd their indiſpoſition. Each lady ſwore eternal celebacy, and actually kept their promiſe for three weeks—when an Indian Nabob ran away with the one, and the other became enamour'd with a quiv'ring Iſraelite.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

Enter Sir Richard Greyley, and Gregory in diſguiſe, on one ſide; and Lady Greyley, Harriot, and Eliza, on the other.

Sir Rich. Signior Fernandez, ladies.

L. Greyley. Signior, Miſs Neville—and this is Miſs Gregory, (*introducing them*).

Gregory. (*aſide*) O Heaven's, do I live to ſee my Eliza! I muſt for a while diſguiſe my feelings.—Charming young lady, your uncle's picture was a true one.

Harriot. (*aſide*) A good looking Ethiopian enough; but rather old for Eliza.

Eliza. My honour'd uncle was too partial to me; wou'd I had join'd my laſt remains to his, and ſunk with him into eternal reſt. (*weeps*)

Gregory.

Gregory. (*aſide*) By Heaven I ſhall diſcover myſelf—Fair excellence, how theſe tears become thee! thou well deſerv'dſt the affection of thy uncle.

Eliza. Did you know my uncle, Sir?

Gregory. I was call'd his friend.

Sir Rich. Moſt juſtly ſo, Eliza; he was your uncle's benefactor, who aſſiſted him in time of need.

Eliza. May Heaven reward him for the pious deed, and crown his days with never-ceaſing bliſs.

Gregory. Your good opinion, lady, overpays the obligation.

Sir Rich. Well ſaid, old Don; he makes love like an Emperor. As I cou'd wiſh. (*aſide*)

Enter Freeport.

Sir Rich. (*angrily*) Pray, Sir, who ſent for you? Did I not forbid you this houſe, unleſs you—

Harriot. Marry'd me, Frank. Was not that the bargain?

Gregory. A very candid declaration of the young lady—ſhe is no prude, I ſee.

Sir Rich. O no, Sir, the lady is a wit, and has wonderful ſkill in putting old men to the torture; therefore take care of yourſelf, Signior.

Harriot. When they forget their crutches, and hobble upon gouty legs to offer up their pray'rs at the ſhrine of Venus.

Gregory. Ha, ha—well ſaid. Thou art a merry lady, I ſee.

L. Greyley. Now if ſhe wou'd but marry Captain Puff I cou'd be friends with her for that expreſſion. (*aſide*)

Sir Rich.

Sir Rich. Aye, aye, like a monkey, ſhe is mighty pleaſing to them that love miſchief; for my part, the ghoſt of Gregory wou'd be a more agreeable gueſt (*aſide*). Well, Miſs, (*to Harriot*) ſince you have made ſuch an open declaration, I ſuppoſe there wants nothing but your aunt's conſent—and in that caſe I ſhall receive my nephew.

Harriot. Not ſo faſt, good uncle—I muſt know what fortune you mean to give the young gentleman.

L. Greyley. That's but reaſonable.

Sir Rich. (*aſide to Lady Greyley*) Not ſo reaſonable as your ſilence, Lady Magpye. (*to Harriot*) That depends on his future behaviour, and his gratitude to you.

Harriot. A pious determination, and great juſtice in it, no doubt. But, Sir, that don't agree with my diſpoſition—and ſince we are making a Smithfield bargain, I don't chuſe to purchaſe a lame horſe.

Sir Rich. Zounds, Madam, I don't tell you what I may give him at my death.

Harriot. O that won't do for me; I am ſorry therefore we can't agree—I don't wiſh to wait for dead men's ſhoes, leſt they ſhou'd live to kick them out at the toes; and ſo, Sir, I am off the bargain—you are free to carry the young man to another market.

Gregory. Ha, ha—what a ſprightly girl it is! (*to Sir Richard*)

Sir Rich. Yes, yes, damn'd ſprightly at other people's expence. Hark ye, Frank, if you'll take a penſion and act like a wiſe man, I'll forgive the reſt, and let you marry whom you pleaſe rather than be noos'd to ſuch a vixen.

Freeport. I am ſorry, Sir, I cannot obey you; my conſcience forbids ſuch a ſacrifice.

Sir Rich. Sacrifice, do you call it? Why then, Sir, you may go hang, beg, ſteal, or ſhoot yourſelf—but I charge you at your peril never to enter theſe doors.

Freeport. I did not mean to trouble you now, Sir, had you not held the treaſure of my ſoul, and baſely meant to force her to another.

Sir Rich. Hey day—what now!—I hold a treaſure—where, Sir?

Freeport. That young lady, Sir, (*pointing to Eliza*). By Heaven, had the man who dares to take her from me ten lives, he ſhou'd pay the forfeit of them all.

Sir Rich. Thou lieſt, varlet; I'll give her to another in ſpite of thee. What can'ſt thou do with her, beggar as thou art?

Freeport. True—I am the ſport of fortune—yet nothing but death ſhall ſeparate us. I'll work, beg, fight, die for her—what man dare do, I'll do, to purchaſe ſuch a gem.

Sir Rich. Out of my houſe, vagrant, or I'll make thee go; the man who takes that gem muſt pay for its poliſhing—refund me for her board and education.

Gregory. Was ever ſuch a monſter! (*aſide*) Sir Richard, permit me to put in a word in favour of the young gentleman; has he offended you in any other point; and does all his crime conſiſt in loving a deſireable object? If ſo, methinks it is not unpardonable.

Sir Rich. Not unpardonable! Zounds, I ſhall have this fellow become his advocate, and loſe my expectations (*aſide*): Not unpardonable to act in defiance of my orders; why, Signior, you know nothing at all about the matter. Wou'd you have me give the girl to a beggar, after all my trouble and expence? Beſides, he has offended me otherwiſe.

Gregory.

Gregory. In what?

Harriot. Oh, Sir, 'tis a crime of the deepeſt dye, and never to be forgiven—no other than a wicked perverſe attachment to what he calls honour and conſcience.

Gregory. And is that all! Mr. Freeport, you are worthy of her—take her, you have my conſent.—(*gives her hand*)

Sir Rich. So, ſo, he's off his bargain I ſee (*aſide*). Signior, this is not acting like a man of honour—I thought you had a mind for the girl yourſelf—I did not bring you here to diſpoſe of my goods and chattles without my conſent; and ſo if you have ſuch an itch for traffic you had better take a trip to Holland and purchaſe ſmuggl'd goods—but leave me to diſpoſe of my own property.

Gregory. When I have ſettl'd matters here I ſhall take my final leave—till then you muſt excuſe me.

Harriot. (*aſide*) Bravo, Mr. Mahogany.

Sir Rich. Zounds, Sir, do'ſt think thou art in Spain, where bully bravoes act in deſpite of law!—I tell you, Signior, you are miſtaken; and if you are wiſe you'll go before you are forc'd—Who the devil made you a judge of this affair?

Gregory. I knew the young gentleman's father—there never liv'd a man of greater worth; his ſon ſeems to poſſeſs his father's virtues, and from my heart I give him this young lady.

Sir Rich. The devil you do! Zounds, Don, you are mad. What right have you to take ſo much upon you! Out of my houſe, you proud Spaniard, or I will force thee (*attempts to puſh Gregory*).

Gregory. This is too much—(*aſide*). Stand off, vile ſlave, and know I have an uncle's right; behold, and tremble at the injur'd Gregory, (*diſcovers himſelf*) Behold, Eliza, your long loſt uncle (*embra-*

cing Eliza) (*Sir Richard falls down, and lies on the ſtage*)

Eliza. My uncle, my dear, my honour'd uncle! Heaven, do I live to hold him to my breaſt! (*kneels*) Ye ruling pow'rs, whoſe myſteries puzzle our weak minds, forgive a wretch, who, blinded with deſpair, dar'd to murmur at thy will: accept the grateful tribute of an overflowing heart.

Gregory. Heaven preſerve my Eliza! Freeport, take from an uncle's hands a jewel of laſting hue.

Freeport. (*kneeling*) Thus I receive the invaluable gift: loveliеſt of thy ſex, (*kiſſes her hand*) Now I am bleſt indeed.

Gregory. Riſe, Sir, that poſture is degrading; receive her with the dignity that marks the man of honour, (*gives her hand*) Thy virtuous conduct hath ſo rais'd thee, that I am proud to name thee as her huſband, (*joins their hands*)

Enter Puff.

Capt. Puff. Ha, what's this, a wedding? Eliza and Freeport, the very thing I wiſh'd—I may venture in, now he has too much employment to think of duels (*aſide*). Lovely Miſs Harriot, what have we here?

Harriot. A wedding Sir; have you any objection?

Capt. Puff. Not I upon my ſoul, Madam; but methinks all parties are not agreed. Signior, your moſt obedient, I hope no murder has been committed.

Gregory. Murder, Sir. What do you mean?

Capt. Puff. Oh, nothing more than a dead man, I preſume, (*going up to Sir Richard*) What, ho! Sir Richard, haſt thou taken thy departure for the other

other world—or has Virtue put you in the ſtocks to work a reformation.

Harriot. Ha, ha, ha—an *ignis fatuus* in his brain, that leads Vice a dance round ſenſitive feelings, and ſearch'd his leaky conſcience for ſtagnated honour.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Rich. (*looking up*) So now I am as deep in hell as the devil himſelf cou'd wiſh me. (*aſide*)

Capt. Puff. Like a light guinea, he looks a little ſweated.

Harriot. An emblem of Lucifer's fallen tribe.

L. Greyley. I thought what his pitiful title would bring him to (*aſide*); he had better been honeſt unleſs he had been a Lord. Sir Richard get up, and don't lay there to be laugh'd at.

Sir Rich. Peace, tenter-hook—pox on thy ginger face; to make thee a lady I have made myſelf a villain.

L. Greyley. Well, you may ſtay if you like—but I don't chuſe to be laugh'd at. [*Exit Lady Greyley.*

Sir Rich. (*aſide*) I wiſh I cou'd ſteal off—I'll try. (*going*)

Gregory. Stay, Sir, I have ſome buſineſs with you.

Sir Rich. O now I am condemn'd, (*aſide*)

While Gregory and Sir Richard confer at the back of the ſtage,

Enter Major M'Carty—Puff ſteals off.

Major. Ladies, your ſervant.—Mr. Freeport, you are here before me.

Freeport. I am, Sir, and bleſt beyond my hopes; the fickle Goddeſs has deign'd to ſmile, and I now forgive her for her former tricks.

Major. I give you joy with all my ſoul.

Gregory. (*to Sir Richard*) By Heaven, Sir, you muſt ſettle with me immediately; your baſe ingratitude deſerves no lenity.

Major. My friend Mr. Gregory here! We deal in riddles.

Gregory. My dear Major you ſee a happy man.—(*hands Eliza to him*)

Major. Amazement! But why ſo ſilent in this matter—Can you not truſt a friend?

Gregory. My former friendſhip for that gentleman wou'd not permit me—I was determin'd to have proof ſufficient to condemn him. A letter I receiv'd from a friend urg'd me to try this experiment.

Major. But how came the report of your death?

Gregory. A gentleman in India of the ſame name was ſeiz'd with a fever, and died after a three day's illneſs, ſoon after my departure; my unfortunate captivity made the report of my death plauſible, and gave that gentleman an opportunity of ſecreting and applying to his own uſe that which I had acquir'd by my labour and induſtry.

Major. Very friendly, indeed.

Harriot. Quite ſo—but you can't ſay he was prodigal of it, when he attempted to lay a tax upon heads, and make you pay twice for board and education.

Major. Ha, ha.

Sir Rich. (*aſide*) Yes, I am in for it.

Gregory. Mr. Freeport, you are to call on that gentleman for Eliza's fortune of fifty thouſand pounds.

Freeport. You are too generous; this lady is a fortune in herſelf.

Gregory. Not ſo, young man, you well deſerve them both—take them as virtuous gifts, and the reward due to merit ſuch as thine.

Freeport. It ſhall be the ſtudy of my life to deſerve them.

Sir Rich. I hope, Mr. Gregory, you will give me time to make up this money—you will allow, that tho'

tho' I have not acted the beſt part, yet I have taken care of your niece.

Harriot. A little temptation or ſo, to fortify her mind againſt the attacks of vice. (*aſide to Sir Richard*)

Gregory. Why, Sir, I muſt own that has ſome weight with me—but this young gentleman has liberty to act as he thinks proper, and you beſt know what favour you may expect.

Freeport. Sir Richard, tho' I have no great reaſon to boaſt of your favours, yet I am indebted to to you for your care in my infant years. I long have known no other father—and if in heat of temper I offended, forgive me, Sir, as from my heart I forgive your late harſh treatment—and ſince that fortune is at my diſpoſal, you have your own time to pay it.

Gregory. Generous young man.

Sir Rich. I own, Frank, I do not deſerve this from you—but ſince you have acted with ſuch honour, I will be generous too, and what I once promis'd I will realize, by immediately making you the heir of my poſſeſſions.

Gregory. Why this is as it ſhou'd be—give me your hand, and I forgive you, provided you act with honour for the future.

Sir Rich. (*aſide*) So I muſt be honeſt in my own defence. Miſerable dog, to be forc'd to make a virtue of neceſſity.

Harriot. Since Freeport's virtue has ſet the example, I do with pleaſure follow it, and beg forgiveneſs for my pert behaviour.

Sir Rich. Since we have begun, we may as well finiſh; you have it.

Eliza. You muſt do more, Sir Richard, and join her hand to that deſerving gentleman.

Sir Rich. Oh, for that matter I have no objection, ſince you ſolicit it, Madam, if he be willing to take her.

Major.

Major. With joy I take her as Heav'n's beſt gift.

Enter Lady Greyley and Captain Puff.

L. Greyley. The new-fangl'd Major here, joining hands, indeed.—Pray, Sir Richard, what are you about!

Sir Rich. Playing at roundabouts; joining this lady to that gentleman.

L. Greyley. And pray who gave you that authority without my conſent? Don't think I am afraid of you now; you can't take my title from me, that's one comfort; and as to reſpect, this gentleman (*points to Puff*) will get me that; as to you, Miſs Harriot, I ſhall ſhew you the authority of an aunt—I command you to marry him, (*pointing to Puff.*)

Harriot. I am ſorry, Madam, I cannot obey your orders—my heart and hand are pre-engag'd.

L. Greyley. I don't know that, nor do I care—but inſiſt on your marrying Captain Puff.

Major. (*looking at Puff*) I believe your Ladyſhip is deceiv'd in this matter; if I be not miſtaken the gentleman is provided for.

Capt. Puff. (*aſide*) O, the Devil! I am found out.

L. Greyley. Provided for—I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Major. With a wife and children, Madam.

L. Greyley. I am ſure it cannot be—'tis all malice. Is it not, Captain?

Major. I believe the gentleman will not deny it. Your Ladyſhip will have better proof, as the lady is ſoon expected in this kingdom.

Harriot. Ha, ha—Why thou art a courageous man; moſt men think one wife enough, but you have the ſpirit to engage with two.

Sir Rich. Ha, ha—What, art dumb, man?

Capt.

Capt. Puff. Why, faith, a little in your own ſituation, ſomething like ſelling of conſcience and ſmuggling a fortune.

Sir Rich. Aye, aye—have at me, I deſerv'd it all; but thanks to fortune I have a brother in iniquity.

Eliza. "I wou'd have ladies be careful, as there are many deceptions in the army."

Harriot. "The intereſt I have in your happineſs, Madam, made me preſume to give you advice."

L. Greyley. "If the Major had been a gentleman I muſt have know him better."

Capt. Puff. Oh, this Devil. (*runs off*)

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Gregory. Do you know this Captain, Major?

Major. By report, Sir! if Fame ſays true, his father was butler to a young Engliſh Nobleman, who for his ſervices in the intriguing way rewarded his ſon with a commiſſion in the army; the fellow has great aſſurance, and where he is not known paſſes himſelf for a man of family.

L. Greyley. Well, how people are impos'd upon! I beg pardon, Major, for thinking ſo improperly of you, owing to that vile Captain; but to make amends you have my conſent to marry Harriot.

Major. Madam, you make me ample amends; I am now ſupremely bleſs'd.

Eliza. (*taking a paper out of her pocket*) And now, my ſweet friend, permit me to return your bounty with thanks—your kind intentions never ſhall be forgot; may you be happy as you deſerve; but pardon my communications of the contents; ſuch noble conduct ſhould not be hid, (*reads*) "I Harriot Neville do give and aſſign over to Eliza Gregory this bond of five thouſand pounds for her uſe, to diſpoſe of as ſhe ſhall thing proper."

Gregory. Generous woman!

Major.

Major. Noble Harriot, how this conduct raiſes you in my eſteem!

Freeport. Thou wonder of thy ſex, may Pow'rs unſeen reward you.

Freeport comes forward and repeats.

When you, ye fair, adopt the plan
Of virtue's rule, admiring man
Gazes with extaſy, and tho'
His heart were ſteel, 'twou'd melt and glow
With love; nay more, 'twill raiſe him higher,
To emulate thee he'll aſpire.

F I N I S.

23 JY 68